

The World

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BENEFACTANT SPECULATION

At the time the cotton "shorts" were settling with the master of the market, W. P. Brown, last week, Mr. Brown was saying to the public: "I have been accused of squeezing the spinners. This is false. I have only been taking cotton from the speculators and selling it to the spinners. If the spinners and exporters had taken my advice they would be better off to-day."

In view of the fact that 3,000,000 spindles in New England mills were idle during the prevalence of the prohibitive prices brought about by the corner in cotton there were those who did not wholly appreciate the benevolent motives of the boss speculator.

Nor is it likely that they quite approve of them in England. In the Lancashire cotton spinning district the distress due to lack of the raw material has exceeded that of the terrible depression caused by the war of the rebellion.

The Lancashire weaver is poorly paid at best; his week's wages in time of prosperity are \$5.25. As a result of the Brown-Sully manipulation of prices his wages have been forced down to the starvation basis of \$1.25 a week. His little rainy day board has been withdrawn from the bank; in one town penny savings deposits aggregating \$650,000 have shrunk almost to nothing. He is procuring soup from soup kitchens and accepting free-meal tickets. He has already humbled his pride to take nearly \$50,000 in alms. The Lancashire spinners seem to have been "squeezed" pretty badly in spite of Mr. Brown's well-intentioned consideration for their interests.

SEEING AMERICA.

Pursuing his studies of American life which he began with the chambermaid with the gold-rimmed glasses, M. Jules Huret, the Paris newspaper writer, has discovered the Broadway chorus girl. He was especially interested in one whose bed curtain was composed of champagne corks popped in her honor at midnight suppers.

This Gallic child among us takin' notes is apparently acquiring a wide range of entertaining information. Is there a rathskellar in town that he does not know, an underground restaurant or a beefsteak dungeon in which he has failed to find a "type" of the New Yorker? Post-midnight highballs in Pompeian dining-rooms, the early morning consumption of chop-suey—in these and other features of metropolitan life the distinguished foreigner may discover other "types" if he desires.

He seems to be seeing New York as various Americans see Paris—from the point of view of the Moulin Rouge, or the brasserie, or the students' ball. He is looking for Oteros and Yvette Guilberts and noting feminine eccentricity. The girl with the \$10 bunch of violets is a rare specimen for his collection, a prize orchid from Fifth avenue.

Yet is this America? Is the feverish life of the Tenderloin New York? M. Huret should go further beneath the surface—into parlors and counting-rooms. He should endeavor to see more of the substantial basis of society, and not rest content with the froth.

In that case, however, his studies of "the States" might defeat their object, proving to be dull.

A BOY'S FUTURE.

When the University of New York opened its doors for the fall term Chancellor MacCracken said:

When a boy has learned from his father that it is manly to drink, healthful to smoke and picturesque to swear, the college has a hard time to convince that youth that its library is a more attractive place than a beer room. We notify mothers and fathers who send us spoiled boys that we will try to make them decent men, but if twelve months' time shows the spoiling process to be going on, we will send the article home, all charges prepaid. We would rather graduate a freshman into a place on his father's farm in Westchester or his father's shop downtown in Manhattan than to keep him three years longer and graduate him as a dissipated scholar, however brilliant.

What would this distinguished educator have done with Farragut as a freshman? At fifteen the future naval hero, as he afterward testified, "could swear like an old salt, drink as stiff a glass of grog as if he had doubled Cane Horn, and smoke like a locomotive." He also gambled. Farragut, indeed, by other testimony, was a "bad boy" of an unusually bad kind.

To maintain a general average of morality a college must necessarily weed out students of bad habits who may have in them the making of men of future usefulness. But it is the exceptional youth whose character is definitely formed in his school days. In the Webster of Exeter Academy there was no hint of the orator; he broke down in simple classroom declamation and showed none of the qualities of eloquence on which his renown was to rest.

The "dissipated scholar" does not exist so numerous as in a former time. The man of learning, like the man in business life, is on his good behavior. A temperance standard would have been fatal to the great Porson, a drunkard of the first water.

THE ATHLETIC GIRL.

The attire of the golfing girl is coming in for criticism in respect to its unloveliness. For the dilettante in golf there may be freshly laundered pique skirts and neat short waists. For the girl aspiring to championship honors there must be old clothes and a conspicuous lack of any suggestion of the dressmaker. No youth in a gymnasium is prouder of a toll-stained sweater than a feminine champion of a skirt grown old in activity on the links.

Add to this disregard of the conventions of dress a fondness for baring neck and forearm to the burning rays of the sun and the result of a season of golf is not beautifying.

The automobilist girl also suffers great deterioration in good looks. The goggles she wears shame in homeliness of aspect any other known device for the preservation of beauty. The dust that sifts in through the most closely drawn head shield dries and roughens her hair and the protracted vision ahead brings lines to the face before their time.

The athletic girl lays up a store of health which her more feminine sister may envy her. There are for her "nerves" and hysterics is a word she knows not.

But she does not seem to preserve the grace that was hers before she "went in for athletics."

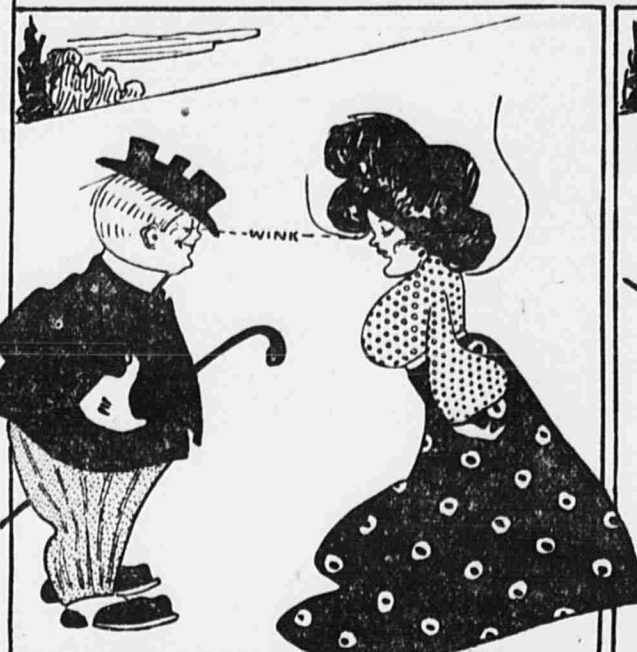
The Misadventures of Archie—He Wafts a Wink to the Wrong Girl.

ARCHIE MET A PRETTY GIRL

WINKED AS SHE WENT BY

PAPA CAUGHT HIM AT IT

NOW HE WINKS THE OTHER EYE.



How to Make The Children Happy.

Hints for a Homeless Home.

THE secret of a homeless home rests in the way children are brought up by their fathers. If Tommy or Ella or John David are subjected by mamma to ordinary discipline, regular training and the daily routine of school life, you cannot expect your home to be any more horrible than any one's else. But follow the evening news and in less than three months it won't seem like the same old home. In fact, it won't seem like anything that ever happened. These instructions are especially designed for fathers who have their children's true happiness at heart.

First of all, no extra apparatus is necessary in order to amuse the dear little ones. Don't waste on toys the money that should go toward paying club dues and card debts. The simple utensils common to every home will (if used according to these instructions) bring the darlings far more pleasure. Take an ordinary pair of scissors, for instance (but take them when mamma isn't looking). Teach little Bobby to cut pretty multi-colored dolls out of the \$2.00 Khorasan rug. Then he can boast at school that he has the most expensive toy of any boy there. This will boom your credit. Instruct Maude in the art of clipping the twisted patterns out of the drawing-room portieres. She will scream with joy. So will mamma—maybe. Thug women are said to be shy on real humor.

The musings of a boy on your desk is a veritable riot of innocent fun when rightly applied. Just before the sewing circle meets at your home let little Gladys paint the chair seats with a thick coating of this rich fluid. The ladies will all declare it is harder than ever before to leave your happy little home. Thus you will win a name for hospitality.

Borrow mother's bottle of liquid blacking and let the children cultivate their artistic instincts by painting dainty designs on baby's face. Try to arrange this on the day mamma is going to have the little pet's picture taken. The happy laughter of your progeny and the delight of the poor, hard-working photographer will well repay you for your trouble.

The possibilities of half a dozen long pins judiciously arranged among the dining-room chairs on the day set for a reunion of wife's relatives will keep the kids out of mischief for hours and will at once break up any constraint and formality on the part of the guests. A few matches carefully applied have been known to give the children the fun of a lovely home bonfire and to start papa in a nice new business on the insurance money.

Should you wish, after thus saving so much by home toys, to buy the youngsters a real present, nothing so adds to the beauty and interest of a happy home as does the gift of a nice, pretty striped Bengal tiger. There will be no more dull, dreary hours in the nursery, and even a stupid, rainy day will be repaid with real excitement. Moreover, if you are an up-to-date Fifth avenue householder, remember that the presence of a full grown tiger with a normal appetite in the nursery is the most splendid of all the most strenuous foe of the dreaded "Large Family."

Perhaps that is why Mr. Roosevelt and The Tiger got on so easily together.

LETTERS, QUESTIONS, ANSWERS.

Passing Out of One's Turn Does Not Count. C. Caa Open the Pot.

To the Editor of the Evening World:
A. B. C. Caa are playing poker. A lookout is being dealt. A has the cards. C passes out of his turn. B has not spoken and B then passes. C then declares he will open it. Has C a right to open it, having already said he passed?
A. JERSEYMAN.

Mucroni Is Manufactured.

To the Editor of the Evening World:
Is mucroni manufactured or does it grow on trees?
G. A. S.

Black and White Are Not Colors.

To the Editor of the Evening World:
Are black and white colors? A. S.
Black is the absence of color. White is a combination of all the colors.

No License Is Required.

To the Editor of the Evening World:
Does a resident of New York State outside of New York City have to get a license to be married in the State?
E. D. P.

New Haven, Conn.

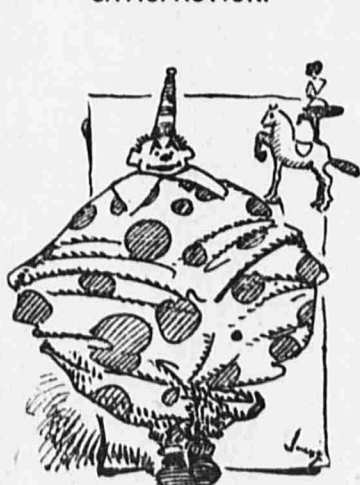
1800 Was Last Leap Year.
To the Editor of the Evening World:
Was there a leap year in 1800?
F. O.

Mrs. Waitaminnit--the Woman Who Is Always Late.

There Are Times When Delay Is Worse Than Dangerous, and This Is One of Them.



SATISFACTION.



Clown—Well, there's one consolation. I won't be fired for "getting too funny."

QUITE ANOTHER THING.



Mother—You naughty boy, you've been playing with those Sniff children again!

Wellington—No, I hain't, ma! I jus' been fightin' 'em.

NATURAL.



Jack—Oh, Miss Cashleigh's all right in her way, but I don't like her style.

Tom—Same here.

Jack—What! Did she refuse you, too?

NOT HOPELESS.



Dopey Dawkins—Say, dat's de dog what bit me. You gotter kill him, see?

Boy—Oh, p'raps 'tain't so fatal as that. Guess I'll put him in the hospital an' maybe he'll pull through.

Stories Told About New Yorkers.

JUST after Marshall P. Wilder returned from his honeymoon a bachelor friend called on him. "Well," said the humorist, "when are you going to emulate my example and join the joyful ranks of Benedicts?" "I don't know," replied the caller. "I am still first person, singular, nominative case."

"If you follow my footsteps," said Wilder, "you'll develop into second person, plural, possessive case."

Carroll Brown, an artist whose atelier is in the Van Dyck Studios, was busy at work recently on a rather large landscape. An Irish lady, who had just left the week's winter, paused for a moment to take a "glance at the picture."

George Gould, John Jacob Astor or a score of equally important personages might parade the streets for hours, arm in arm, without recognition from one person out of a hundred.

Col. Abe Gruber was cross-examining a witness in a country town not long ago in a case which involved a boundary dispute. The witness, a small, thin farmer, with a face like an English walnut, was particularly reticent and apparently most obtuse. After his patience was almost exhausted, the Colonel exclaimed: "Now, sir, I want you to tell the jury exactly how that road runs."

The witness hesitated a moment and then said:

"Well, when I'm coming to town it runs up, and when I'm goin' home it runs down."

"That will be about all," said the little lawyer with a big sigh.

HOW TO DO IT.

The proprietor of the theatre had died suddenly.

"Of course, we must do something to show proper respect," remarked the treasurer.

"Certainly," returned the manager. "Shall we close the theatre for a night or two?"

"No-o. Business is too good. I guess we'd better put the chorus in black tights for about thirty days."—Chicago Post.



SEE that the students in a girls' college out West took some new arrivals and tossed them in a blanket," remarked the Cigar Store Man.

"Yes," said the Man Higher Up; "it's a case of girls will be boys. The way that women are butting in gives them a license to do any old thing. The next you hear college girls will be going out and making rough-house around town."

"I was talking to an ancient man the other day and he issued a yammer about the growing tendency of women to lose their womanliness. He said that when he was a shy young thing about the only occupations women held down were teaching school, making dresses or clerking in dry-goods emporiums. Now we have them doing everything from running an elevator to embezzling from their employers and getting arrested for it."

"This aged person said that the new condition makes all to the bad for the female sex and digs up the prospect of women holding down all the jobs in the course of time and the men being unable to get work to do. The more women go to work, he said, at jobs that have been held by men, the more men are thrown out to hustle for jobs, and the field is narrowing all the time. The thing is getting so framed up, according to my informant, who carries weight for age, that it is time for the men with high foreheads to get busy with some thoughts about it."

"I remember the time myself when the cars coming down town in the morning were full of men. Nowadays half the occupants of the cars are women, and 99 per cent. of them are on their way to work. Stand in lower Broadway or Park Row some morning at 8 o'clock, and more women will pass by than men or their way to the stores and offices. Stand on the Bowery, at Grand street, and watch the great mob hustling over from the east side to the stores and offices along Broadway and on the west side. There are three women to every man."

"Anybody who don't think that this condition cases out to cause trouble has got his chips mixed. Women at work at fair wages don't want to marry; young men don't want to marry them. This puts a strangle hold on matrimony, and when matrimony is on the rebound morality is going to loom up small in the returns."

"Another point in this thing that ought to have the limelight turned on it is the fact that the constant association of women with men in colleges, stores, offices and workshops has a tendency to destroy the respect men intuitively have for women. My friend, the aforesaid relic, says that when he was young about the only way men met women was socially, and women were treated as they should be treated. Now, he says, when a man is hustling for his room rent and feed money with a woman in competition with him, it is no wonder that he forgets to take off his hat in an elevator when women are in the car."

"I hear you fired that young guy that was doing your stenography work," said the Cigar Store Man, irrelevantly.

"You heard right," replied the Man Higher Up. "He was beginning to show a highball voice and his lamps were growing muggy from studying the dope sheets in the daily papers. I hired a sketch in his place; and, say, she's a beauty."

Healthful Cold Rub.

Referring to a paragraph which recently appeared to the effect that a dry rub was a fair substitute for a cold sponge in the morning, an authority writes: "By 'dry rub' you may mean what I mean, but I rarely find anyone who has thought of any mean between a bath (cold or tepid) and dry towel friction. You would be safe in recommending a person who could not take a cold plunge of a morning to rub himself all over and hard with a sponge almost wrung out, and then use towel friction, preferably with a rough towel. The only difference between this and a bath is the absence of shock arising from sudden immersion."

A Squirrel's Revenge.

A little Connecticut boy had grown very skillful in throwing sling shots. He was so true of aim that he was sometimes tempted to use his power unworthily. One day he discovered a small squirrel perched on the limb of a tree, and without stopping to realize the consequences of his act he let fly his stone. It went straight to the mark, and the poor little creature received his death-blow. With an heroic effort he twitched himself into a position right over his thoughtless murderer, and, letting go his dying grasp upon the limb, fell upon the hand that had taken his life. Burying his teeth in the palm, he bit clean through to the back and then dropped lifeless to the ground.

Dolls Once a Year.

In most countries a girl considers her dolls and toys her own possessions, to appropriate at any and all times. This is not so with the Japanese girl. To play with her dolls is an event; a joy which comes to her but once a year. On a certain day one room in the Japanese home is so arranged that all dolls and toys may be displayed to advantage; the most highly prized ones are given the place of honor on the row of shelves placed against the side of the room, and draped with some gay color that forms a fitting background.